



THE Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger.
Le pheeze you in faith.
Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.
Beg. Yare a baggage, the *Sliers* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Pancras pallabris*, let the world slide: *Sessa*.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?
Beg. No, not a deniere: go by *S. Ieronimie*, got to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head-borough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.

Falles asleepe.

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.
Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds, Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curie is imboit, And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach, Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault, I would not loofe the dogge for twentie pound.

Huntf. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord, He cried vpon it at the merest losse, And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent, Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleet, I would esteeme him worth a dozen such: But sup them well, and looke vnto them all, To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Huntf. I will my Lord.
Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

2. Hunt. He breath's my Lord, Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleepe so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast how like a swine he lyes. Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image: Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed, Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers: A most delicious banquet by his bed, And braue attendants neere him when he wakes, Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1. Hunt. Belceue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choofe.

2. H. It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Euen as a flatter'd dreame, or worthless fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the iest: Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber, And hang it round with all my vvanion pictures: Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters, And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweeter: Procure me Musicke readie when he vvakes, To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound: And if he chance to speake, be readie straight (And with a lowe submissiue reuerence) Say, what is it your Honor vvil command: Let one attend him vvith a siluer Bason Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers, Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper, And say wilt please your Lordship doole your hands. Some one be readie with a costly suite, And aske him what apparel he will weare: Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse, And that his Ladie mournes at his disease: Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke, And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames, For he is nothing but a mightie Lord: This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs, It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modestie.

1. Huntf. My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part As he shall thinke by our true diligence He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him, And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.
Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds, Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes (Trauelling some journey) to repose him heere.

Enter Servingman.
How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter Players.
Lord. Bid them come neere:

Now fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

2. Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne, 'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well: I haue forgot your name: but sure that part

The Taming of the Shrew.

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soro* that your honor meanes.

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:

Well you are come to me in happie time, The rather for I haue some sport in hand, Wherein your cunning can assist me much: There is a Lord will heare you play to night; But I am doubtfull of your modesties, Least (ouer-eyng of his odde behauiour, For yet his honor neuer heard a play) You breake into some merrie passion, And so offend him: for I tell you sirs, If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Flai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues, Were he the veriest anticke in the world.

Lord. Go sirs, take them to the Butterie, And giue them friendly welcome euerie one, Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirs go you to Bartolmew my Page, And see him dress't in all suites like a Ladie: That done, conuict him to the drunkards chamber, And call him Madam, do him obeisance: Tell him from me (as he will win my loue) He beare himselfe with honourable action, Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished, Such dutie to the drunkard let him do: With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie, And say: What is't your Honor will command, Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife, May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue. And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses, And with declining head into his bosome, Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-joyed To see her noble Lord restor'd to health, Who for this seuen yeares hath esteem'd him Nobetter then a poore and loathsome begger: And if the boy haue not a womans guift, To raine a shower of oommanded teares, An Onion wil do well for such a shift, Which in a Napkin (being close conuict) Shall in despite enforce a waterie eie: See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst, Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a servingman.

I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace, Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman: I long to heare him call the drunkard husband, And how my men will stay themselves from laughter, When they do homage to this simple peasant, Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene, Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.
Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1. Ser. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?

2. Ser. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserues?

3. Ser. What raiment wil your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conserues, giue me conserues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doubt

lets then backes: no no more shooes then shooes, or such shooes: uer-leather.

Lord. Heauen cease Oh that a mightie man Of such possessions, should be infused with

Beg. What would *Stophet Sly*, old *Sies* Pedler, by education Beare-heard, and now Aske *Marrian Hacke* know me not: if the there Ale, store me done. What I am n

3. Man. Oh this is

Lord. Hence come

As beaten hence by y

Oh Noble Lord, bech

Call home thy ancient

And banish hence the

Looke how thy seru

Each in his office re

Wilt thou haue Musi

And twentie caged N

Or wilt thou sleepe?

Softer and sweeter th

On purpose trim'd vp

Say thou wilt walke:

Or wilt thou ride? T

Their harness fludde

Dost thou loue hawk

About the morning

Thy hounds shall mak

And fetch shrill ecch

1. Man. Say thou w

As breathed Stags: I

2. M. Dost thou lou

A donis painted by a

And Citherea all in

Which seeme to mou

Euen as the waing

Lord. Wee'l shew

And how she was beg

As liuelie painted, as

3. Man. Or *Daphne*

Scratching her legs, t

And at that sight (hal

So workmanlike the b

Lord. Thou art a L

Thou hast a Ladie far

Then any woman in t

1. Man. And til the

Like enuious fouds o

She was the fairest cr

And yet shee is inferi

Beg. Am I a Lord

Or do I dreame? Or h

I do not sleepe: I see,

I smel sweet fauours,

Vpon my life I am a

And not a Tinker, no

Well, bring our Ladi

And once againe a po